WOMAN'S WORK

Dansied little strokings.
For reations little feet;
Washing little faces.
To keep them clean and sweet;
Hearing little leasons,
Teaching Catechisms,
Praying for saltunion.
From heresy and subtems—
Wennan's work?

Sowing on the borrous,
"Warseeing rations,
"Warseeing rations,
Southing with a kind word
Others lumentations,
Guiding clumes Bridgets,
Coaving suiler cooks,
Entertaining company,
And resuling broat books—
Woman's work?

Burying out of sight
Her own unlessing smarts;
Letting in the smeakine
On other chauded hearts;
Runling up the wounded,
Healing of the sick,

Leading little children
And bleasing manhood's years;
Showbig to the suitil
How God's torgiveness cheers;
smattering sweet proces
Along acother's path;
smalling by the way-side,
Content with what she insthWoman's work!

Letting fall her own tears,
When only God ein see;
When only God ein see;
With under sympathy;
Learning by experience,
Teaching by example,
Learning for the gateway,
Golden, pearly, ample—
Woman's work!

At last cometh allence—
A may of deep repose;
Her locks smoothly bridded,
Upon sur breast a rose;
Lastes resting gently
Upon the marris cheek;
A look of blessed prace
Upon a foreign incekt
— Richmont Christian Advocate,

A GRAVEYARD IDYL.

Ix the summer of 187—, when young Doctor Putnam was recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, he used to take short waiks in the author's of the little provincial town where he fived. He was still weak enough to need a cane, and had to sit down nowand then to rest. His favorite hund was an old-fashioned cometery lying at the western edge of the alluvial terrace on which the town is built.

of the alluvial terrace on which the town is built.

It was a quiet, shady old cemetery, not much disturbed by funerals. Only at rare intervals a fresh heap of earth and a slab of clean marble intruded with their tale of a new and clamprous grief among the sunken mounds and weather-stained tembstones of the ancient sleepers for whom the tears had long been dried.

the abovent sleepers for whom the tears had long been dried.

One afternoon Putnam was in his accustomed seat, whistling softly to himself and cutting his initials into the edge of the bench. The nir was breathless, and the sunshine lay so hot on the marshes that it seemed to draw up in a visible steam a briny incense which mingled with the spley smell of the red celars. Absorbed in reverie, he failed to notice how the scattered clouds that had been passing across the say all the afternoon were being gradually reinforced by hig fluffy cumuli reiling up from the north, until a rumble overhead and the rustle of a shower in the tree aroused him.

camali rolling in from the north, until a rumble overhead and the rustle of a shower in the trees aroused bin.

In the center of the grounds was an ancient auminer-house standing amilds a masse of dower-beds intersected by gravel walks. This was the nearest shelter, and, as therain began to patter amartly, Futuam pocketed his kulfe, turned up his coat-collar and rust for it. Arrived at the garden-house, he found there a group of three persons, driven to bactor from different pairs of the cemeratery. The shower ligerassed to a storm, the lattices were lashed by the rain and a steady surement of the wind. It grow quite dark in the summer-house, shaded by two or three old hemiones, and it was only by the lightning-fashes that Putuam could make out the features of the lithe company of refugees. They stood in the middle of the building, to avoid the sheets of rain blown in at the doors in guests, huddling around a pump that was raised on a narrow stone platform—not unlike the daurhiers of Prism clustered about the great altar in the penetralia: Procipites atra ceu tempetate columbre.

They consisted of a young girl, an elderity woman with a towel and watering not, and any workman in overails, who carried a spade and had perhaps been interrupted in digging a grave. The platform around the pump hardly gave standing room for a fourth-Putuam accordingly took his seat on a toolchest mean one of the entrances, and, while the soft spray blew through the lattices over his face and clothes, he watched the effect of the lightning-fashes on the toosing, dripping trees of the cemetery-grounts.

"I have spent the night here often," said the voting lady, in an absent voice and as if murmuring to herself.

"You have?" exclaimed Putuam, "Only you slept in the tool-chest, I suppose, on the old hady's shake-down."

She was allent, and he began to have a with the fashion of resource in the processing and the processing the story of the richest back. It was buck, It was buck. It was buck, It was buck. It was buck, It was buck. It was b

"That's she."

"That's she."

"Who is she in mourning for?"

"Well, she ain't exactly in mourning. I guess, from what they say, she hain't got the money for black binnets and dresses, poor gal. But it's her brother that's buried nere—last April. He was in the hospital learning the doctor's business when he was look down."

took down."
"In the hospital? Was be from the South, do you know?"
"Well, that I can't say: like enough be

"Well, that I can't say: like enough he was."
"Did you say that she is poor?"
"Did you say that she is poor?"
"So they was telling me at the funeral. It was a mighty poor funeral ton—not more'n a couple of sneks. But you can't tell much from that, with the fishion now-a-days: some of the richest folks buries private like. You don't see no souh funerals now as they

thank you for his sake, but—"
She paneed, and he broke in: "Lought
to explain, Miss Pinckney, that I have a better right than you think, perhaps, to bring
these flowers here: I was a fellow-studen
with your brother in the medical school."
Her expression changed humediately.
"Oh, did you know my brother?" she asked,
eagerly.

your fuchsias."
She stood still and held out her hand for them.
"I thought you might be meaning to let me keep them," said Putnain. His heart beat fast and his voice trembled as he continued: "Perhaps you thought that what I said a while are was said in a joke, but I mean it in real earnest."
"Mean what?" she asked, faintly.
"Don't you know what I mean?" he said, coming nearer and taking her hand. "Shall I tell you, darling?"
"Oh, please don't! Oh, I think I know. Not here—not now. Give me the slowers." she said, disengaging her hand, "and I will put them on them?'s grave?"
He handed them to ber and said, "I won't so on now if fatronhies you; but tell me first—I am going away to-morrow and shan't be tack till October—shall I find you here then, and may I speak them?"
"I shall be here till wanter."
"And may I speak them?"
"And may I speak them?"
"Yes."
"And will you listen?"

by through an explanation, but you for his sace, "im—"

She purpose, but her manners that you for his sace, "im—"

She gathered up he gather than the purpose of the purpos

GENERALLY, a cellar is a very poor place in which to winter cabbages. It most cases cellars are either too damp or too warm, to secure just the condi-

"Oh, I sek your pardon a thousand times," he exiclaimed reddening violently. "Presse don't think that I was larghing at any think to do with you. The fact is that has teletic speech of mine reminded me of something that happened day before pestorday. I've been sick, and I met a Triend on the street who said. The glad you've better," and it answered, "I'm glad you've better," and then he said, 'I'm glad that you 'we glad that I'm better,' and then he said, 'I'm glad that you're find that I'm glad that you've better,' and then he said, 'I'm glad that you're find that I'm glad that you're glad that I'm glad that you're find that I'm glad that you're glad that I'm glad that you're find that I'm glad that you're glad that I'm glad that I'm glad that I'm glad that you're glad that I'm glad that you're glad that I'm glad t

by the virtual sale of a child nearly 14
years of age, says the Philadelphia
Press, was unearthed yesterday by a
Press reporter. On Wednesday last the
following advertisement appeared in the
New York Herald:

a Pit for Wintering Cabbages.

which you smaled he green is a sering which to green in the green in t

Breaking Colts.

timean it in real earnest."

"Mean what?" she asked, faintly.

"Don't you know what I mean?" he said, coming nearer and taking her hand. "Shall I tell you, darling?

"On, be lease don't. Oh, I think I know. Not here—not now. Give me the flowers." is said, discussing her hand, "and I will put them on linner?' grave?

"He handed them to her and said, "I won't you on now if a troubles your but tell me first—I am going away to morrow and sharib be mack till October—shall I find you here then, and may I speak then?"

"I shall be here till winter."

"And may I speak then?"

"Yes."

"Then I can wait."

"Then I can wait."

The in an excitation that he yound not suppress. In spite of her language her had, which she had donted as her will be cared her. He knew that she cared to the first—I am of the morrow he was to start for the morning, but Miss Plunkon was not there. He did not know her aidness, nor could the morning but Miss Plunkon was not there. He did not know her aidness, and so allo the afternoon lives a time of the cutton his journey with many might; to reserve the coming him and to the afternoon lives a the continuous repeated in discovering the child for adoption, and the following facts were clicitied by the could not suppress. In spite of her language, her lace and the tone of her voice had been onto the city. He know that a cared to make the start of the country of the country of the morning but Miss Plunkon was not there. He did not know her aidness, nor could the morning him and to the afternoon lives at out on his journey with many might; it, cultured indistance, and the surround of drive horses. A cold improperly trained to harder a survey and the discovering the division of the city. He want at one to the country of the c make out the features of the little company of the property of

No. 607 South Ninth Street to a house on South Eleventh Street, where she proposes to remain for a week probably, or at least until her charge is disposed of at a remunerative figure. She chalms to have received a number of good offers for the child, all possessing pecuniary advantages for herself.

One of England's Perils.

The consumption of patent medicines in England is giving serious alarm to the medical authorities. It is atsied that the one article of stomach bitters alone goes down 18,276,498 British throats annually, while proprietary catheric and live pills to the wat numy catheric and live pills to the vast numy country catheric and live pills to the vast numy country of the same machine, and with greatment of St. Paul's Cathedral with a coat three on St. Paul's Cathedral with a coat three of St. Paul's Cathedral with a coat three one street of the numpers of any desired size; the

Our Young Folks.

SLUMBER-LAND.

[MANNA AND RABE AT REOTTINE.]

No," he said, "I will not be good! I'm a robber-I live in a great big wood! It is made of sake-and-apply-term.— The can ge to blumber-Land. If you please!

But listen;" she said: "In Sumber Town Everybody is ising down. And all the creatures, from mist to fish. Have something better that they can wish!"

Then they don't know how to wish," he said. I think it is stupicted his in bed! I am going to burn the world all down.
And I don't want to go to your Slumber-Town.

"But listen!" she said: "in Slumber-Street.
You often have music low and sweet.
And sometimes, there, you meet face to
People you'll meet in no other place!"

Oh, that, "he said, "will not make me go: I ike a hand-organ hest, you know, With a monkey; and I do not make To meet strange propile day where." But listen;" she said; " in Simpler-House The out forgets how to estell the modes; The nauginy boys are sever three Stood in a corner or set on a chair;"

Well, that is a little better," wild be, But I am going at once, to sea! I'm a Captam, I'm not a little boy, And this is my immiget—ship along!" Bir listen!" ahe said; "in firmiber-Rosen Such besutiful fore or; you see in bissen! The best of them all, the very Post. Ever may pee if you observed name is Bost.

Why, that's a queer name for a flower," be But you needn't think I am going to bed! I m a robber again—a great far, brave, Splendel robber—and this is my cave?

How quiet the cave grow, presently: the smiled, and stopped low down to see, And what she size was less little brigated Traveling for into summer-Land.

ware needed two hands to catch hold of the bushes and projecting rows, as they climbed up the hill close by the little bed of the brook. Up and up they went; it was pretty tiresome, but there was fun in it, for the white kitten ran nimbly shead and kept stopping for them, and the brook seemed to laugh out loud as it danced merrily to meet them.

This he fastened to a piece of birch bark, and launched it down the little bark, and haunched it down the little houses, and one of these is the office of tumbling stream, which carried it swiftly out of sight.

"Now she'll come pretty soon," he Or the last lots of Mormons ambark-

said, sitting down in perfect faith to ing from Liverpool and Glasgow fo wait.

Their mamma baked her bread that Their manuas taked her bread that meming, and then she baked ples and made cookies and got her dinner over before she had time to think much about the children. Then she stopped to the door to see how they were getting along, and called them, but there was to answer.

The wind blaw in her face and the white kitter children.

The wind blaw in her race and the white kitten rubbed against her feet.

"Where are the children, kitty?" she asked, looking down, and then also spied the note tied around the white furry neck. She took it off and read the blurred words:

"The MAN, We all to helle Taerfid in a

the blurred words:

"Teep MaMa, We slit up helic Taeglid in as
Bittite Inst. CuM?"

She caught her sun-bonnet off the
nail and started, but hardly knew which
way to go. They were up the hill, of
course, but she might miss them. As

course, but she might miss them. As she stood irresolute, right in sight down the brook came the little birch-bark raft, with a piece of paper pinned to it which was too wet to read, but it told her all she wanted to know, for now it was pinin that they had gone along by the brook.

So she started swiftly up the hill, pushing the bushes aside, with the little white kitten running before her, and as it was not nearly a mile nor even a quarter, that the little ones had gone, she soon reached the spot where Susies stood wearily in the grasp of the brier bush, and Ben sat patiently waiting at her side.

Was there ever a tangle that a mam ma could not set right? Gently and skillfully she freed first the curls, and then the little dress, and then with her light-hearted girl and boy followed the stream back again, just in time to meet papa as he came to dinner.—Mary L. Bolles Branch, in Youth's Companion.

Corn-Stalk Cattle,

She shalled and stooped are down to see, And what she saw was her little bridges. And what she saw was her little bridges. Two carrains white, with their fringes brown. Had sout him fast note Shunder-Traval. And she knew tout the rections little foot were existing softly in Stanteer-whose.

—Margaret travelegist, as St. Nochain.

CAUGHT IN A BRIER-BUSH.

Our in a part of the country where it is very hilly, there stands a red house at the foot of a steep hill whose side is covered with birch and pine trees, and a tick undergrowth of brush. In that house live two little children, and what do you think they did one day?

Their mannam was busy baking, and they went to play by the little brook in the yard. They were making a bridge of stones there, and that morning they finished it. Then Susic's white kitten tried it, and stepped across without once wetting ber dainty feet.

"Now that's done, and what'll we do next?" asked restless little Susie.

"I know," said Bennie: "let's go up the hill and find where the brook began. It's hard climbing, and mother thinks I aim't big enough; but I'm bigger now than I was the last time I asked her."

"Well. let's go then." said Suale, eagerly, and off they started, hand in hand at first, but they soon found they went down on the hoor," can be they climbed up the hill close by the little bed of the brook. Up and up they can hereded two hands to catch hold of the bushes and projecting rocks, as they climbed up the hill close by the little bed of the brook. Up and up they can hereded two hands to catch hold of the bushes and projecting rocks, as they climbed up the hill close by the little bed of the brook. Up and up they can here ever and the doctor said I must go South. What a mourning flere was among our little boys at the thought of losing Annt Kate a mourning flere was among our little damie doctors and her "heautiful stories" Just before the train started, little Jamie begged to be ined up to the car wind the fellow! his eyes streamed with brare, and not even the thought of so

them.

"Haven't we gone much as a mile?" asked Susis at last, wieding her arm around a young birch tree, while she stopped to take breath.

"No, not more than three-quarters, I guesa," said Bennie. "See, there's our chimney down there, and smoke going out. Mother's making pies."

"Oh, then let's harry?" Susic exclaimed, starting again, and as she pushed her way around a thick briery bush, there was the white kitten waiting for them just ahead, and there at last was the butbling spring, gushing from among the rocks, the birtis-place of their dear brook.

"Oh, Susic, make a can of your hand and drink some water," said Bennie, bending down to do it himself.

"I can't! I can't! I am caught in the briers?" oried Susic, struggling as she spoke to disentangle herself, but it seemed as if every thorn ou the bush reached out to catch at her, and she could not get away.

Bennie ran to help her, but only got his hands soratched, and when Susic turned her head, the briers caught her to represent horses, cowe, mules, sheep,

reached out to catch at her, and she could not get away.

Bennie ran to help her, but only got his hands scratched, and when Susic turned her head, the briers caught her curls so that she could not move any more without her hair being pulled. This was too discouraging, and she began to cry.

"Oh, dear! I wish mamma was here," said Bennie, looking wisfully down at the top of the home chimner below.

"Mamma! mamma" he shouted then as loud as he could but the wind then as loud as he could but the wind the said loud in the second to represent horses, owe, mules, sheeps, which, of course, were much smaller, and had only two legs. In the course, which of course, were much smaller, and had only two legs. In the course, were much smaller, and had only two legs. In the course, were much smaller, and had only two legs. In the course, were much smaller, and the morning Frankie and Abe mapuafactured a sow with seven little pigs, two cows, a mule and a horse.

It had stopped raining, so the boys asked if I would not like to go out and see their farms. Under a shed in the

"Mamma" mamma" he shouted then as loud as he could; but the wind yard were these two farms, arranged blew the wrong way and took the shout as nearly as possible like Francie's as he would go home and tell her to come.

"Oh, no, no!" begged Susie. "I very small scale, and linhabited by corndon't date be left alone; there might be been alone; there might be been asset of a chin stad to two.

"Oh, no. no!" begged Susis. "I very small scale, and inhabited by corndon't dare be left alone; there might be bears among the trees, or a snake. Don't go, Bennie!"

"Well, I won't," said Bennie: "but I wish I had some scissors or a knife. Father ought to gave me a knife, anyhow; I'm big enough."

Then he sat down by Susie, and they wondered what they should do: would they have to go without dinner and supper? Would they have to stay all night there on the hill?

"Oh, I am so tired!" said Susie, moving her head a little, but it hurt so that it could not belp her. Yes it could help her? A bright idea flashed into Bennie's mind.

The frightened kitten darted down the hill, and was quickly out of sight among the bushes.

"Nos mamma'll come!" said Susie, with a sigh of relief. But Bennie has thought of something else.

"I'm going to send a letter in a boat now," he said, and again he showly pinned on another ragged slip—

"Dock Mana, We all up helte Togett at a part of the carth, when it debadly bruised, but no bones were pinned on another ragged slip—

"Dock Mana, We all up helte Togett at a part of the carth, when it debadly bruised, but no bones were pinned on another ragged slip—

"Dock Mana, We all up helte Togett at a part of the fire burned slowity, and unough of the heated all was retained in the balloon to give it some buoyancy, until it had settled to within about one bundred feet of the earth, when it debadly bruised, but no bones were broken.

The Power of the heated allowity, and unough of the heated allowity in the balloon to give it some buoyancy, until it had settled to within about one bundred feet of the earth, when it debadly bruised, but no bones were badly bruised.

The Power of the heated allowing the property of the heated to within a property of the heated to within a he

"Deel MaMa, We aik up helte TangiLd in a likile. Cult."

THE Emory City (British Columbia)

Sentinci says it is read in every house in that town; but there are only two